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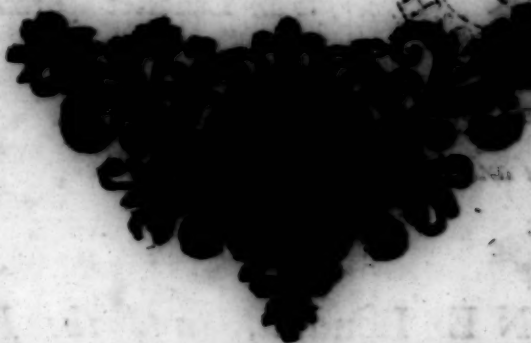
L O N D O N

P R O D I G A L

A

C O M E D Y.

By SHAKESPEARE



L O N D O N:

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M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

MR. Flowerdale, *a Merchant, trading at Venice.*

Matthew Flowerdale, *his prodigal Son.*

Mr. Flowerdale, *Brother to the Merchant.*

Sir Lancelot Spurcock, *of Lewsome in Kent,*

Sir Arthur Greenshoo, *a Commander,* } *In Love*

Oliver, *a Cornish Clothier,* } *with Luce.*

Weathercock, *A Parasite to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Tom Civet, *in Love with Frances.*

Daffail, } *Servants to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*
Artichoak, }

Dick and Ralph, *two cheating Gamesters.*

Ruffin, *a Pander to Mistress Apricock a Bawd.*

Frances, }

Luce, } *Daughters to Sir Lancelot Spurcock.*

Delia, }

Sheriff and Officers.

A Citizen and his Wife.

Drawers.

SCENE London, and the Parts
adjacent.

THE London Prodigal.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Flowerdale the Merchant, and his Brother.

FATHER.

BROTHER, from Venice, being thus
disguis'd,

B I come to prove the Humours of my Son :
How hath he borne himself since my De-
parture,

I leaving you his Patron and his Guide ?

Unc. Faith, Brother, so, as you will grieve to hear,
And I almost ashamed to report it.

Fath. Why how is't Brother ? What, doth he spend
Beyond the Allowance I left him ?

Unc. How ! beyond that ? and far more ; why, your
Exhibition is nothing ; he hath spent that, and since hath
borrow'd, protested with Oaths, alledged Kindred to
wring Money from me, by the Love I bore his Father,
by the Fortunes might fall upon himself, to furnish his
Wants : That done, I have had since his Bond, his Friend
and Friends Bond ; although I know that he speaks in
yours, yet it grieves me to see the unbridled Whore
that reigns over him.

Fath. Brother, what is the manner his Life ? Is it
the Name of his Offences ? if they do not re-
of Education, his Youth may privilege his Whore,
I myself was an unbridled Coach till thirty, say, I
I say ; well, you see how I am : For Vice was
of the Eyes of Discretion, and well known
of Reason, the Coachman, say, I

East. The *Barley*, will either increase himself in the
ground, or let a new Tenant to remain in him, which
is the best, how much better are they that in their Youth
leave all these Vices, and left 'em, than those that
in their Youth, and in their Age run into 'em? Believe me,
Brother, they that die most Virtuous, hath in their Youth
been most Vicious; and none knows the Danger of the
same more than he that falls into it: But say, how is the
Destruction of his Life? let's hear his Particulars.

Unc. Why I'll tell you, Brother, he is a continual
Swearer, and a Breaker of his Oaths, which is bad.

East. I grant indeed to Swear is bad, but not in keep-
ing those Oaths is better; for who will set by a bad thing?
Unc. by my Faith, I hold this rather a Virtue than a
Vice. Well, I pray, proceed.

Unc. He is a mighty Brawler, and comes commonly by
the worst.

East. By my Faith this is none of the worst neither, for
if he brawl and be beaten for it, it will in time make him
know it: For what brings a Man or Child more to Virtue
than Correction? What reigns over him else?

Unc. He is a great Drinker, and one that will forget
himself.

East. O best of all, Vice should be forgotten, let him
drink on, so he drink not Churches. Nay, and this be
the worst, I hold it rather Happiness in him, than any
Folly. Hath he any more Attendants?

Unc. Brother, he is one that will borrow of any Man.

East. Why you see so doth the Sea, it borrows of all
the small Currents in the World to encrease himself.

Unc. Ay, but the Sea pays it again, and so will never
grow poor.

East. No more would the Sea, neither, if it were as
dry as my Son.

Unc. Then, Brother, I see you rather like these Vices
in your Son, than any way condemn them.

East. Nay mistake me not, Brother, for though I
see them over now, as Things slight and nothing, his
 Crimes being in the Bud, it would gall my Heart, they
should ever reign in him.

Unc. Ho? who's within ho?

[Flowerdale enters with a letter.]

Unc. That's your Son, he is come to borrow more Money.

East. For what's sake give it out I am dead.

See how he'll take it.

Say, I have brought you News from his Brother.

I have here drawn a formal Will, as it were from him,
Which I'll deliver him.

Unc. Go to, Brother, no more: I will.

Flow. Uncle, where are you, Uncle?

Unc. Let my Cousin in there.

Fath. I am a Sailor come from Venice, and my Name
is Christopher.

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. By the Lord, in Truth, Uncle.

Unc. In Truth would a serv'd, Cousin, without
Lord.

Flow. By your Leave, Uncle, the Lord is the Lord
Truth. A Couple of Rascals at the Gate, set upon me
for my Purse.

Unc. You never come, but you bring a Brawl in your
Mouth.

Flow. By my Truth, Uncle, you must needs lend me
ten Pound.

Unc. Give my Cousin some small Bear here.

Flow. Nay look you, you turn it to a Jest now, by the
Light, I should ride to Croyden Fair, to meet Sir Lewis
Spurcock, I should have his Daughter Luise, and for
ten Pound, a Man shall lose nine hundred threescore
odd Pounds, and a daily Friend beside, by this Hand, Un-
cle, 'tis true.

Unc. Why, any thing is true for ought I know.

Flow. To see now; why you shall have my Sword,
Uncle, Tom White's, James Brock's, or Nick Fidd's;
as good Rapier and Dagger Men, as any be in the
land; let's be damn'd if we do not pay you, the word
of us all will not damn ourselves for ten Pound. A
of ten Pound.

Unc. Cousin, this is not the first time I have believ'd
you.

Flow. Why trust me now, you know not what will
fall; if one Thing were but true, I would not give
care, I should not need ten Pound, but when a Man can
not be believ'd, there's it.

Unc. Why what is it, Cousin?

Flow. Marry this, Uncle, can you tell me if the Kite
has he come home or no?

Unc. As marry it's

By God I thank you for that News.

It is the Poel can you tell?

It is: what of that?

What? why then I have six Pieces of Velvet sent
I'll give you a Piece, Uncle: For thus said the Let-
ter, a Piece of Alb-colour, a three-pi'd black, a colour'd
Crimson, a sad Green, and a Purple: Ye, i' faith.

From whom should you receive this?

From who? why from my Father; with Com-
mendations to you, Uncle, and thus he writes; I know,
thou hast much troubled thy kind Uncle, whom
at my Return I will see amply satisfied, amply
remember was the very Word; so God help me.

Have you the Letter here?

Yes, I have the Letter here, here is the Letter:

yes, yes, let me see, what Breeches wore I on Satur-
day: Let me see, a *Tuesday*, my Calamanka, a *Wednesday*,
my Peach-colour Sattin, a *Thursday*, my Vellure, a *Friday*,
my Calamanka again, a *Saturday*, let me see, a *Saturday*.
In these Breeches I wore a *Saturday* is the Letter: O
my riding Breeches, Uncle, those that you thought had
the Velvet, in those very Breeches is the Letter.

When should it be dated?

Marry *Didiffimo tertio Septembris*, no, no, *tridif-*
fo tertio Octobris, Ay *Octobris*, so it is.

Unc. *Diditimo tertio Octobris*: And here receive I a
Letter that your Father died in *June*: How say you,
Nephew?

Neph. Yes truly, Sir, your Father is dead, these Hands
of mine help to wind him.

How. Dead?

Neph. Ay, Sir, dead.

How. *Sblood*, how should my Father come dead?

Neph. I' faith Sir, according to the old Proverb,
The Child was Born, and cried, became Man,
After fell Sick, and Died.

Unc. Nay, Cousin, do not take it so heavily.

How. Nay, I cannot weep you Extempory; marry
these two or three Days hence I shall weep without any
Distance. But I hope he died in good Memory.

Neph. Very well, Sir, and set down every Thing in
good Order, and the *Katherine* and *Hue* you talkt of, I
came over in; and I saw all the Hills of Lading, and the
that you talk of, there is no such about.

Flow. By Gad, I assure you, then there's Knavery
broad.

Fath. I'll be sworn of that; there's Knavery altho'
altho' there was never a Piece of Velvet in France.

Flow. I hope he died in good Estate.

Fath. To the Report of the World he did, and made
his Will, of which I am an unworthy Bearer.

Flow. His Will, have you his Will?

Fath. Yes, Sir, and in the Presence of your Uncle I
was willed to deliver it.

Unc. I hope, Cousin, now God hath blessed you with
Wealth, you will not be unmindful of me.

Flow. I'll do Reason, Uncle; yet i'faith I take the
Denial of this ten Pound very hardly.

Unc. Nay, I denied you not.

Flow. By Gad you deny'd me directly.

Unc. I'll be judg'd by this good Fellow.

Fath. Not directly, Sir.

Flow. Why, he said, he would lend me none, and that
had went to be a direct Denial, if the old Phrase be
Well Uncle, come we'll fall to the Legacies. In the Name
of God, Amen.

Item, I bequeath to my Brother *Flowerdale*, three hun-
dred Pounds, to pay such trivial Debts as I owe in Lon-
don.

Item, To my Son *Mat. Flowerdale*, I bequeath two
Bail of false Dice, *videlicet*, high Men and low Men,
Fallomes, stop Cater Traies, and other Bones of Fellowship.

Flow. 'Shlood, what doth he mean by this?

Unc. Proceed, Cousin.

Flow. These Precepts I leave him, Let him keep his
his Oath, for of his Word no body will trust him. Let
him by no means marry an honest Woman, for she
will keep herself. Let him steal as much as he can, for
a guilty Conscience may bring him to his destined pen-
itance: I think he means Hanging. And thus ends
his last Will and Testament, the Devil stood looking at
his Bro's Feet while he made it. 'Shlood, what doth he
think to lop off his Fellowship with Paradise?

Fath. This he made, Sir, with his own Hand.

Flow. Ay, well, my dear, good Uncle, I have heard
things of this kind, imagine you have lost it, or that it
is a trick of the Devil to make you think so.

The London Prodigal.

Unc. But a Penny.

Jack. I think lend it him, Sir, I myself have an
in the City worth twenty Pound, all that I'll en-
for him, he saith it concerns him in a Marriage.

Flow. Ay many doth it, this is a Fellow of some
this: Come good Uncle.

Unc. Will you give your Word for it, *Kester*?

Jack. I will, Sir, willingly.

Unc. Well, Cousin, come to me an Hour hence, you
shall have it ready.

Flow. Shall I not fail?

Unc. You shall not, come or send.

Flow. Nay, I'll come myself.

Jack. By my Troth, would I were your Worship's Man.

Flow. What? would'st thou serve?

Jack. Very willingly, Sir.

Flow. Why I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, thou say'st
thou hast twenty Pound, go into *Birches-Lane*, put thy
two Cloaths, thou shalt ride with me to *Croydon*

Jack. I thank you, Sir, I will attend you.

Flow. Well, Uncle, you will not fail me an Hour hence.

Unc. I will not, Cousin.

Flow. What's thy Name, *Kester*?

Jack. Ay, Sir.

Flow. Well, provide thyself: Uncle farewell 'till anon.
[Exit Flowerdale.]

Unc. Brother, how do you like your Son?

Jack. Fifth Brother, like a mad unbridled Colt,

as a Hawk, that never stoop'd to lure;

The one must be tamed with an Iron Bit,

The other must be watch'd, or still she is wild,

such is my Son, a while let him be so;

For Chance still is Pelly's deadly Foe.

I'll spare his Youth, for Youth must have his Course,

For being restrain'd, it makes him ten times worse;

His Pride, his Riot, all that may be nam'd,

Time may recal, and all his Mischiefs nam'd, [Exit.]

Enter Sir Lancelot, Master Weathercock, Daffidil,

Artichoke, Lamb and Pease.

Lanc. Sirrah, Artichoke, get you hence hence;

and if you meet'st yourself a Colt in buying

yourself a new Coat, let him know that you

*An. Yes, indeed, but not my Fellow Duffell
beg with me?*

Lanc. No, Sir, no; I must have one to wait on me.

*An. Duffell, farewel, good Fellow Duffell.
You may see, Mistress, I am set up by the Halves,
Instead of waiting on you, I am sent to drive home Calves.*

*Lanc. Psha! Frank, I must turn away this Duffell.
He's grown a very foolish sawcy Fellow.*

*Frank. Indeed now, Father, he was so since I had him:
Before he was wise enough for a foolish Serving-Man.*

Weath. But what say you to me, Sir Lancelot?

*Lanc. O, about my Daughters, well, I will go for them.
Here's two of them, God save them; but the third,
O she's a Stranger in her Course of Life,
She hath refused you, Master Weathercock?*

*Weath. A, by the Rood, Sir Lancelot, that she hath.
But had she try'd me, she should have found a Man of War,
indeed.*

*Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, at her Denial, she hath
refus'd seven of the worshipfull'st, and worthiest Knights
keepers this Day in Kent: Indeed she will not marry,
suppose.*

Weath. The more Fool she.

Lanc. What, is it Folly to love Chastity?

*Weath. No, mistake me not, Sir Lancelot,
But 'tis an old Proverb, and you know it well,
That Women dying Maids, lead Apes in Hell.*

Lanc. That's a foolish Proverb and a false.

*Weath. By the Mass, I think it be, and therefore let
it go: But who shall marry with Mistress Frances?*

*Ana. By my Troth they are talking of marrying with
Sir.*

Lanc. Peace, let them talk:

Fools may have Leave to Prattle as they Walk.

*Duff. Sentences still, sweet Mistress,
You have a Wit, and it were your Abilliter:*

Lanc. Psha! and thy Tongue trips trench more.

*Lanc. No of my Knighthood, not a Serving-man:
Alas, God help her; silly Girl, a Fool, a very Fool!
But there's the other black Broom a flawed Girl,
She hath Wit at Will, and serves two or three;
Sir John Chastell was a gallant Knight,
and she his Maid, but she serves but one.*

the Road ; but there's a third all Air,
The Feather, changing as the Wind :

Went. O he, Sir, he's a desperate *Dick* indeed :
For him your House.

Lanc. Fir, not so, he's of good Parentage.

Went. By my fay and so he is, and a proper Man.

Lanc. Ay, proper enough, had he good Qualities.

Went. Ay, marry, there's the Point, Sir *Lancelot* :
For there's an old saying.

Be he rich, or be he poor,

Be he high, or be he low :

'Tis Manners makes the Man and all.

Lanc. You are in the right, Master *Weatbarcock*.

Enter Master Civet.

Civ. Soul, I think I am crossed sure, or witcht with
an Owl, I have haunted them, Inn after Inn, Booth
after Booth, yet cannot find them ; ha, yonder they are,
that's she, I hope to God 'tis she, nay, I know 'tis she now,
for she touch her Shoe a little awry.

Lanc. Where is this Inn ? We art past it, *Daffodil*.

Def. The good Sign is here, Sir, but the black Gate
is here.

Civ. Save you, Sir, I pray may I borrow a Piece of
a Word with you ?

Def. No Pieces, Sir.

Civ. Why then the whole.

Def. I pray, Sir, what may yonder Gentlewomen be ?

Def. They may be Ladies, Sir, if the Destinies and
Mortality work.

Civ. What's her Name, Sir ?

Def. Mistress *Frances Spurcock*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's*
Daughter.

Civ. Is she a Maid, Sir.

Def. You must ask *Pluto*, and Dame *Proserpine* that :
I would be loth to be riddled, Sir.

Civ. Is she married I mean, Sir ?

Def. The Fates know not yet what Shoe-maker shall
make her Wedding Shoes.

Civ. I pray where I an you, Sir ? I would be very
glad to follow the Wine of that Gentlewoman.

Def. At the Gauge, Sir.

Civ. God bless you, Sir.

Def. I pray your Name, Sir?

Cri. My Name is Master Cress, Sir.

Def. A sweet Name, God be with you.
Cress.

Lanc. Ay, have we spy'd your Name Sir. Cress,
For all your Dragoon, you had best sell your good Will
That needs no Ivy Bush: Well, we'll not sit by it.
As you do on your Horse, this Room shall serve:
Drawer, let me have Sack for us Old Men;
For these Girls and Knaves small Wines are best.
A Pint of Sack, no more.

Draw. A Quart of Sack in the three Tuns.

Lanc. A Pint, draw but a Pint. *Draw.*
Call for Wine to make yourselves drink.

Fran. And a Cup of Small Beer, and a Cake,
Daffidil.

Enter Young Flowerdale.

Flow. How now, se, sit in the open Room,
good Sir Lancelot, and my kind Friend, Master Weathercock.
What at your Pint? A Quar-
Shame.

Lanc. Nay Royffer, by your Leave we will stay.

Flow. Come, give's some Mulck, we'll go Daffidil.
Be gone, Sir Lancelot, what and fair Day too!

Lanc. 'Twere foully done, to dance with the Fair.

Flow. Nay if you say so, farest of all Pates, shall I
not dance; a Pox upon my Taylor, he hath made me a
Peach-colour Sattin Suit, cut upon Cloth of Silver, but
ever the Rascal serve me such another Trick, I'll give
him Leave, i'faith, to put me in the Chamber of my
and you, and you, Sir Lancelot; and Master Weathercock
my Goldsmith too on t'other side, I beseech thee, give me
a Carkenet of Gold, and thought thou should'st be a
for a Fairing, and the Rogue puts me in Raiment of
Orient Pearl; but thou shalt have it by Sunday Night,
Wench.

Enter the Drawer.

Draw. Sir, here is one that hath sent you a Bottle of
Rhenish Wine, brewed with Rose-Water.

Flow. To me?

Draw. No, Sir, to the Knight; and desires his
Remembrance.

Lanc. To me? What's he that sends it to him?

The London Prodigal.

What's Mind have to Mistress Francis, his Name is
John Givet.

Law. Call him in, Duffell.

Mrs. O, I know him, Sir, he is a Fool, but reason-
able Rich, his Father was one of these Lease-mongers,
deaf Care-mongers, these Money-mongers, but he never
had the Wit to be a Whore-monger.

Enter Master Givet.

Law. I promise you, Sir, you are at too much Charge.

Giv. The Charge is small Charge, Sir, I thank God
my Father left me wherewithal; if it please you, Sir, I
have a great Mind to this Gentlewoman here, in the way
of Marriage.

Law. I thank you, Sir; please you to come to Lew-
down, to my poor House, you shall be kindly welcome:
I know your Father, he was a wary Husband. To pay
you, Duffell?

Mrs. All is paid, Sir; this Gentleman hath paid all.

Law. Faith, you do us wrong.

But we shall live to make amends ere long:

Mistress Elwerdick, is that your Man?

Mrs. Yes Faith, a good old Knave.

Law. Nay then I think you will turn wife,
Now you take such a Servant:

Giv. you'll ride with us to Lewdown, let's away,

In about two Hours to the End of Day. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur Greenhood, Oliver, Lieutenant
and Soldiers.

Art. Lieutenant, lead your Soldiers to the Ships,

There let them have their Coats, at their Arrival

They shall have Pay; farewell, look to your Charge.

Ol. Ay, we are now sent away, and cannot so much
as speak with our Friends.

Giv. No Man what ere you used a zutcli a Fashion,
that you cannot take your Leave of your Vreens.

Art. Fellow, no more. Lieutenant lead them off.

Ol. Well, if I have not my Pay and my Cloaths,
I'll venture a running-away, though I hang for't.

Art. Away, Sirrah, charm your Tongue.

[Exeunt Soldiers.

Ol. Bin you a Prester, Sir?

Art. I am a Commander, Sir, under the King.

Ol. What, Master, and you'd not be a Commander?

The Lullaby

*Art. Othello yourself, Man, my Ancestor
Breaks to press so good a Man as you.*

*Oth. Press me? I devy, press Scoundrels, and they
sell; Press me, chee scorns thee i' faith: For fast
have's a worshipful Knight knows, cham-ant to be press'd
by thee.*

*Enter Sir Lancelot, Weathercock, young Flowerdale, and
Flowerdale, Luca and Frank.*

*Lanc. Sir Arthur, welcome to Lewfane, welcome by
my Froth: What's the Matter Man, why are you run?*

Oth. Why Man he would press me.

*Lanc. O fie, Sir Arthur, press him?
He is a Man of reckoning.*

*Weath. Ay, that he is, Sir Arthur, he hath the Nobles;
The golden Ruddocks he.*

*Art. The fitter for the Wars:
And were he not in favour*

*With your Worships, he should see,
That I have Power to press so good as he.*

Oth. Chill stand to the Trial, so chill.

*Flow. Ay marry shall he, press Clock and Karfy,
White-Pot and drowfen Broth; tut, tut, he cannot.*

*Oth. Well, Sir, though you see v'louten Clock and
Karfy, chee a zreen with a Karfy-Coat wear our
Town sick a zillken Jacket, as thick a one you wear.*

Flow. Well sed v'litan vlatan.

*Oth. A, and well sed Cocknell, and Boe-Bell
What doest think cham-aveard of thy Zillken-Coat,
fer vere thee.*

Lanc. Nay, come no more, be all-Lovers and Friends.

Weath. Ay, 'tis best so, good Master Othello.

Flow. Is your Name Master Oliver, I pray you.

Oth. What tit and be tit, and grieve you.

*Flow. No, but I'd gladly know if a Man might
have a foolish Plot out of Master Oliver to work upon.*

*Oth. Work thy Plots upon me, stand aside, work thy
foolish Plots upon me, chill so use thee, thou wert
so used since thy Dam bound thy Head, work upon me.*

Flow. Let him come, let him come.

*Oth. Zyrha, Zyrha, if it were not for shame, I
would a given thee nutch a whither poop under the
chee would have made thee a vanged another
But: Stand aside, let me loose, cham all of a whither
stand aside.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

Well, I subscribe you for your Friend's sake.

A vig for all my Vices, do't thou tell me of
them?

No more, good Master Oslow, no more, Sir
And Mithridates, here in the sight of all your Suitors,
every Man of worth, I'll tell you whom I faintest would
sell to the hard Bargain of your Marriage Bed; shall
I be plain among you, Gentlemen?

Ay, Sir, 'tis best.

Then, Sir, first to you, I do confess you a most
gallant Knight, a worthy Soldier, and honest Man: But
Mithridates maintains a French-hood, goes very seldom in a
Chain of Gold, keeps a small Train of Servants; hath few
Belov'd: And for this wild Oats here, young *Flowerdale*,
I will not judge, God can work Miracles, but he were
hatter make a hundred new, than thee a thrifty and an
honest one.

Believe me he hath hit you there, he hath
catch'd you to the quick, that he hath.

Woodcock a my side, why Master *Weathercock*,
you know I am honest, howsoever trifles.

Now by my Troth I know no otherwise.

Your old Mother was a Dame indeed:

She's hath her Soul, and my Wife's too, I trust:

And your good Father, honest Gentleman,

He is gone a Journey, as I hear, far hence.

Ay, God be praised, he is far enough,

He is gone a Pilgrimage to Paradise,

And let me to cut a Caper against Care.

Look on me that am as light as Air.

Faith I like not Shadows, Bubbles, Broth,

I hate a light Love, as I hate Death.

Girl, hold thee there:

Look on this *Downshire* Lad:

Fair, fair, and lovely, both in Purse and Person.

O' Well, Sir, cham as the Lord hath made me, you

know me wellivin, cha have threescore pack of *Karfy*,

and *Blacken Hall*, and chief Credit beside, and my *Ron-*

may be so good as another's, so it may.

'Tis you I love, whatsoever others say.

Thanks, Fairest.

What, would'st thou have me quarrel with him?

Do his say he shall hear from you.

Yes, Gentleman, howsoever I prefer this *Dance*.

The Lovers' Progress

Sir Sailer, I'll reserve no Love, my Daughter shall have
her Liberty to chuse whom she liketh best:
In your Love-fair pressed:
Not all of you, but only one must speed.

Wench. You have said well: Indeed right well.

Enter Artichoke.

Art. Mistress, here's one would speak with you, my
Fellow *Daffidil* hath him in the Cellar shortly, he knows
him, he met him at *Croydon* Pair.

Lanc. O, I remember, a little Man.

Art. Ay, a very little Man.

Lanc. And yet a proper Man.

Art. A very proper, very little Man.

Lanc. His Name is *Monsieur Cress*.

Art. The same, Sir.

Lanc. Come, Gentlemen, if other Suitors come,
My foolish Daughter will be fitted too:

But *Delia* my Saint, no Man dare move.

[*Exeunt all but young Flowerdale, Oliver, and old Flowerdale.*]

Flow. Hark you, Sir, a Word.

Oli. What ha an you to say to me now?

Flow. Ye shall hear from me, and that very shortly.

Oli. Is that all, vare thee well, chee vone shere not at
vig.

[*Exit Oliver.*]

Flow. What if he should come now? I am fairly drest.

Fath. I do not mean that you shall meet with him:
But presently we'll go, and draw a Will;

Where we'll set down Land, that we never saw,

And we will have it of so large a Sum,

Sir Laurence shall intreat you to take his Daughter:

This being formed, give it Master *Weathercock*.

And make *Sir Laurence's* Daughter Heir of all:

And make him swear never to shew the Will

To any one, until that you be dead,

This done, the foolish Changeling *Weathercock*

Will straight Discourse unto *Sir Laurence*,

The Form and Tenor of your Testament.

Nor stand to pause of it, be ruled by me:

What will ensue, that shall you quickly see.

Flow. Come let's about it; if that a Will, sweet Ma,

Can get the Wench, I shall renew my Wife.

[*Enter Daffidil and Lance.*]

Def. Mistress, still retained?

Lanc. Yes, still retained.

The Tenth Muse

Knave. Away go South Knave, let my Hand go.
Luce. There's your Hand, but this shall go with me:
Knave. What is thine, this is my true Love's Fee,
Luce. I'll have your Coat strip o'er your Ears for this,
Thou fawcy Rascal.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Luce. How now, Maid, what is the News with you?
Knave. Your Maid is something fawcy. [Exit Luce.]

Luce. Go to, Sirrah, I'll talk with you anon.

Dick. Sir, I am a Man to be talked withal,
I am no Horse, I trow;
I know my Strength, then no more than so.

Knave. Ay, by the Markins, good Sir Lancelot, I saw
him the other Day hold up the Bucklers, like an *Hercules*.
Flesh God-a-mercy, Lad, I like thee well.

Luce. Ay, ay, like him well, go Sirrah, fetch me a Cup
of Wine,

That ere I part with Master *Weathercock*,

We may drink down our Farewel in *French Wine*.

Knave. I thank you, Sir, I thank you, friendly Knight,
I'll come and visit you, by the Mouse-foot I will;
In the meantime, take heed of cutting *Flowerdale*,
He is a desperate *Dick*, I warrant you.

Luce. He is, he is: Fill, *Daffidil*, fill me some Wine.
What was he on his Arm?
Knave. My Daughter's Aunt's Bracelet, ay, 'tis the same,
Give to you, Master *Weathercock*.

Knave. I thank you, Sir: Here, *Daffidil*, an honest
 fellow, and a tall, thou art. Well; I'll take my Leave,
good Night; and I hope to have you and all your
daughters at my poor House, in good sooth I must.

Luce. Thanks, Master *Weathercock*, I shall be bold to
 trouble you, be sure.

Knave. And welcome, heartily farewell. [Exit Weath.]

Luce. Sirrah, I saw my Daughter's Wrong, and withal
 her Bracelet on your Arm; off with it; and with it my
 livery too. Have I care to see my Daughter match'd with
 Men of Worship, and are you grown so bold? Go, Sir-
 rah, from my House, or I'll whip you hence.

Dick. I'll not be whipt, Sir, there's your livery,
 This is a Servingman's Reward, what care I,
 I have Money to trust to, I mean Service. I. [Exit *Daffidil*.]

Luce. Ay a fawcy Knave, but I must let him go.
He will be true to me, when I shall have

The London Merchant

Enter Sir Arthur and Lucie.

Lucie. Sir, as I am a Maid, I do assist you about
Suitor that I have, although that Soldier's sword
how to love.

Arth. I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
Know what belongs to War, what to a Lady:
What Man offends me, that my Sword shall right:
What Woman loves me, I am her faithful Knight.

Lucie. I neither doubt your Valour nor your Love,
But there be some that bear a Soldier's Form,
That swear by him they never think upon,
Go swaggering up and down from House to House,
Crying, God pays: And —

Arth. I faith, Lady, I'll descry you such a Man.
Of them there be many which you have spoke of,
That bear the Name and Shape of Soldiers,
Yet, God knows, very seldom saw the War:
That haunt your Taverns and your Ordinaries,
Your Ale-houses sometimes, for all a-like,
To uphold the brutish Humour of their Minds,
Being mark'd down for the Bondmen of Despair:
Their Mirth begins in Wine, but ends in Blood,
Their Drink is clear, but their Conceits are mud.

Lucie. Yet these are great Gentlemen Soldiers.

Arth. No they are wretched Slaves,
Whose desperate Lives doth bring their timeless Grief.

Lucie. Both for yourself, and for your Form of Life,
If I may chuse, I'll be a Soldier's Wife.

Enter Sir Lancelot and Oliver.

Oil. And tut trust to it, so then.

Lanc. Assure yourself,
You shall be married with all Speed we may:
One Day shall serve for *Frances* and for *Lucie*.

Oil. Why the wood vain know the time, for providing
Wedding Raiments.

Lanc. Why no more but this, first get your Affairs
made touching my Daughter's Jointure, that afterwards
we will in two Days make Provision.

Oil. Why Man, chill have the Writings made by
to-morrow.

Lanc. To-morrow be it then, let's meet at the
Hall in Fish Street.

Oil. No, Sir, we must meet at the Hall at the

...the nine,
...a Pint of Wine,
...to the Payment,
...a whole Quot, or nothing.

Enter Artichoke.

Master, here is a Man would speak with Master
...from young Master Flowerdale.

Why chill speak with him, chill speak with him.

May, Sam O'lar, I'll surely see

young Flowerdale hath sent to you.

God it be no Quarrel.

Why Mian, if he quarrel with me, chill give him
...fall.

Enter old Flowerdale.

God save you, good Sir *Laurest.*

Welcome, honest Friend.

To you and yours my Master wisheth Health,

to you, Sir, this, and this he sends :

the Length, Sir, of his Rapier,

that Paper shall you know his Mind.

That, chill meet him my Friend, chil meet him.

Must him, you shall not meet the Russian, sic.

And I do not meet him, chil give you Leave to call

Where is't, Sarah : where is't ? where is't ?

The Letter shows both Time and Place,

you be a Man, then keep your Word.

Sir, he shall not keep his word, he shall not meet.

Why let him chuse, he'll be the better known

last Rascal, and reputed so.

Sarah, Zirrah; and 'twere not an old Fellow, and

an Earnest, chil give thee something, but chud

... : But hold thee, for I see thou art some-

... hold thee, there's twenty Shillings, bring

... a world, chil give thee twenty more, look

... him, chil will him tell him, chil mar his

... chil use him, he was ne'er so used since

... his Head, chil make him for capering

... thy var thee.

... a Man, stout and resolute,

... report, what'er befall.

... out it, ... thy Master this,

... by the Land, or use him worse.

... the, ... not this of you,

Leuc. Thy Master is an Unthrift, and I'll strike you dead, next chye day morn:
Or have him bound unto his good Behaviour.

Off. I woud you were a Spring if you do him any harm
for this: And you do, chil nere see you; nor any of yours
while chil have Eyes open: What do you think, wil
be shaffelled up and down the Town for a Mofel, and a
Scoundrel, no chy bor you: Zarah, chil come, my be
more, chil come, tell him.

Fate. Well, Sir, my Master deserves not this of you,
And that you'll shortly find. [*Leuc.*]

Off. No matter, he's an Unthrift, I dese him.

Leuc. No, gentle Son, let me know the Place.

Off. Now chye vor you.

Leuc. Let me see the Note.

Off. Nay, chil watch you for such a Trick.
But if chee meet him, so, if not, so: chil make him
know me, or chil know why I shall not, chil was the worse.

Leuc. What will you then neglect my Daughter's Love
Venture your State and her's for a loose Rascal?

Off. Why Man, chil not kill him, marry chil vear him
too, and again; and so God be with you wather.
What, Man, we shall meet To-morrow.

Leuc. Who would have thought he had been so dis-
perate. Come forth my honest Servant *Artichonk*.

Enter Artichonk.

Arti. Now, what's the Matter; some Rascal toward,
warrant you.

Leuc. Go get me thy Sword bright frow'd, thy Buck-
ler mended. O for that Knave, that Villain *Artichonk*
have done good Service. But to thee.

Arti. Ay, this is the Tricks of all you Gentlemen, when
you stand in need of a good Fellow. O for that *Artichonk*
O where is he? but if you be angry, and it be but the
wagging of a Straw, then cut a Doore with the Rapier,
turn the Coat over his Ears. This is the Honour of a Gentleman.

Leuc. O for that Knave, that lolly *Artichonk*.

Arti. Why these tis now; our Year's Wage and my
Vail will scarce pay for broken Swords and Bucklers that
we use in our Quarrels. But I'll not fight if *Artichonk* be a
fother side, that's flat.

Leuc. Tis no such matter, Man, get *Artichonk* ready,
and be at *Leuc.* on the Bank of *Leuc.* with the

The London Merchant

He gets out, as he will go out, and that very easily with
out doubt.

Arti. What, would you have me draw upon him,
And he goes in the Street?

Lanc. Not for a World, Man, into the Fields. For to
the Field he goes, there to meet the desperate *Flowerdale*:
Tells thee the Part of *Oliver* my Son, for he shall be my
Son, and marry *Luce*: Do'st understand me, Knave?

Arti. Ay, Sir, I do understand you, but my young
Mistress might be better provided in matching with my
Fellow *Daffil*.

Lanc. No! more; *Daffil* is a Knave.
That *Daffil* is a most notorious Knave. [Exit *Arti.*

Enter Weathercock.

Master Weathercock, you come in a happy time; the de-
voted *Flowerdale* hath writ a Challenge; and who think
you must answer it, but the *Devonshire* Man, my Son *O-*
Lanc.

Weather. Marry I am sorry for it, good Sir *Lancelot*,
But if you will be rul'd by me, we'll stay the Fury.

Lanc. As how, I pray?

Weather. Marry I'll tell you, by promising young *Flower-*
dale the Red-lip'd *Luce*.

Lanc. I'll rather follow her unto her Grave.

Weather. Ay, Sir *Lancelot*, I would have thought so too;
but you and I have been deceiv'd in him; come read this
Will, or Deed, or what you call it, I know not: Come,
come, your Spectacles I pray.

Lanc. Nay, I thank God, I see very well.

Weather. Marry, God bless your Eyes, mine have been
dim almost this thirty Years.

Lanc. Ha, what is this? what is this?

Weather. Nay there is true Love indeed, he gave it to me
but this very Morn, and bid me keep it under from any
one; good Youth, to see how Men may be deceiv'd.

Lanc. Toller of me, where's *Weather* am I to hear this
living Youth? he hath made me, together with my *Luce*
dearer to dear, Executors of all his Wealth.

Weather. All, all, good Man, he hath given you all.

Lanc. These Shops now in the Street, and some
ward house;

Two hundred of the hundred Pound a Year;

the one is *Flowerdale*, the other is *Oliver*.

Josh. Knows thousand more :
His Uncle's furnish'd well in *Calaneo-fract* ;
Knows whatever his Uncle leaves to him,
Being of great Demeanors and Wealth at *Problein*.

Weath. How like you this, good Knight ? How like
you this ?

Lanc. I have done him wrong, but now I'll make amends :
The *Dromsbire* Man shall whistle for a Wife.
He marry *Luce* ! *Luce* shall be *Flowerdale's*.

Weath. Why that is friendly said, let's ride to *London*
and prevent their Match, by promising your Daughter to
the lovely Lad.

Lanc. We'll ride to *London*, or it shall not need,
We'll cross to *Dedford-strand*, and take a Boat.
Where be these Knaves ? what *Artichok* ? what *Fop* ?

Enter Artichok.

Art. Hese be the very Knaves, but not the merry
Knaves.

Lanc. Here take my Cloak, I'll have a walk to *Dedford*.

Art. Sir, we have been scouring of our Swords and
Bucklers for your Defence.

Lanc. Defence me no Defence, let your Swords rest,
I'll have no fighting : Ay, let Blows alone, *Delia* for all
Things be in Readiness against the Wedding, we'll have two
at once, and that will save Charges, Master *Weathervane*.

Art. Well we will do it, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Civet, Frank, and Delia.

Civet. By my troth this is good luck, I thank God for this.
In good sooth I have even my Heart's desire : Sister *Delia*,
now I may boldly call you so, for your Father hath struck
and freely given me his Daughter *Frank*.

Frank. Ay, by my troth, *Tow*, thou hast my good will
too, for I thank God I long'd for a Husband, and would I
might never stir, for one his name was *Tow*.

Del. Why, Sister, now you have your Wish.

Civet. You say very true, Sister *Delia*, and I wish no
me nothing but *Tow* ; and I'll call the sweet Heart, and

Frank. Will it not do well, Sister *Delia* ?

Del. It will do very well with both of you.

Frank. But *Tow*, must I go as I do now when I am
married ?

Civet. No, *Frank*, I'll have thee go like a Citizen
in a rich Green, and a *Frank* Head.

The London Prodigal.

Del. Brother, maintain your Wife to your Estate.

Geo. And you yourself like to your Father :

Del. And let her go like to your antient Mother ;

Geo. His sparing got his Wealth, left it to you,

Del. Brother take heed of Pride, some bids Thrift adieu.

Geo. So as my Father and my Mother went, that's a Jest indeed ; why she went in a fring'd Gown, a single Ruff, and a white Cap ; and my Father in a *Morado* Coat, a pair of red Sattin Sleeves, and a Canvas Back.

Del. And yet his Wealth was all as much as your's.

Geo. My Estate, my Estate, I thank God, is forty Pound a Year in good Leases and Tenements ; besides twenty Marks a Year at Cuckolds-Haven, and that comes to us all by Inheritance.

Del. That may indeed, 'tis very fitly plied,
I know not how it comes, but so it falls out
That those whose Fathers have died wond'rous rich,
And took no Pleasure but to gather Wealth,
Thinking of little that they leave behind ;
For them they hope, will be of their like mind.
But falls out contrary, forty Years sparing
In scarce three seven Years spending, never caring
What will ensue, when all their Coin is gone,
And all too late, then Thrift is thought upon ;
O! here I heard, that Pride and Riot kill,
And then Repentance cries, for had I wist ?

Geo. You say well, Sister *Delia*, you say well ; but I mean to live within my Bounds ; for look you, I have set down my self thus far, but to maintain my Wife in her Sweet Head, and her Coach, keep a couple of Geldings, and a brace of Greyhounds, and this is all I'll do.

Del. And you'll do this with forty Pounds a Year ?

Geo. Ay, and a better Penny, Sister.

Frank. Sister, you forget that at Cuckolds-Haven.

Geo. By my Troth well remembered, *Frank*,
I'll give thee that to buy thee Pins.

Del. Keep you the rest for Points ; alas the Day,
Peach shall have Wealth, though all the World say nay.
Come, Brother, will you in, Dinner stays for us.

Geo. Ay, good Sister, with all my Heart.

Frank. Ay, by my Troth You, for I have a good Stomach.

Geo. And I the like, sweet *Frank* ; no Sister,

Del. I'll be gone before you reach

Del. God grant you may see.

Enter young Flowerdale, and his Father, with Jack in their Hands.

Flow. Sirrah, Kite, tarry you there, I have spied Sir Lancelot and old Weathercock coming this Way, they are hard at Hand, I will by no means be spoken withal.

Fath. I'll warrant you, go get you in.

Enter Lancelot and Weathercock.

Lanc. Now, my honest Friend, thou dost belong to Master Flowerdale?

Fath. I do, Sir.

Lanc. Is he within my good Fellow?

Fath. No, Sir, he is not within,

Lanc. I prethee, if he be within, let me speak with him.

Fath. Sir, to tell you true, my Master is within, but indeed would not be spoke withal; there be some Terms that stands upon his Reputation, therefore he will not admit any Conference 'till he hath shook them off.

Lanc. I prethee tell him his very good Friend Sir Lancelot Spurcock intreats to speak with him.

Fath. By my Troth, Sir, if you come to take up the matter between my Master and the *Devonshire* Man, you do but beguile your Hopes, and lose your Labour.

Lanc. Honest Friend, I have not any such things to him, I come to speak with him about other Matters.

Fath. For my Master, Sir, hath set down his Resolution, either to redeem his Honour, or leave his Life behind him.

Lanc. My Friend, I do not know any Quarrel touching thy Master, or any other Person, my Business is of a different Nature to him, and I prethee so tell him.

Fath. For howsoever the *Devonshire* Man is, My Master's Mind is bloody; that's a round O, And therefore, Sir, Intreaties are but vain.

Lanc. I have no such thing to him, I tell thee once again.

Fath. I will then so signify to him. *[Exit Father.]*

Lanc. Ay, Sirrah, I see this matter is hotly carried. But I'll labour to dissuade him from it.

Enter young Flowerdale and his Father.

Good morrow, Master Flowerdale.

Flow. Good morrow, good Sir Lancelot,

Good morrow, Master Weathercock;

My Task, Gentlemen, I have been making out

Mr. Mochimol; I find him

Good to be known, not to be followed :
A pestilent human Fellow, I have made
Certain Annotations of him such as they be :
And how is't, Sir *Lancelot*? ha? how is't?
A mad World, Men cannot live quiet in it.

Lanc. Master *Flowerdale*, I do understand there is some
Jar between the *Devonshire* Man and you.

Fath. They, Sir; they are good Friends as can be.

Flow. Who Master *Oliver* and I? as good Friends as
can be.

Lanc. It is a kind of Safety in you to deny it, and a ge-
nerous Silence, which too few are indued withal: But, Sir,
such a thing I hear, and I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. No such thing, Sir *Lancelot*, at my Reputation, as
I am an honest Man.

Lanc. Now I do believe you then, if you do
Engage your Reputation there is none.

Flow. Nay I do not engage my Reputation there is not,
You shall not bind me to any condition of hardnes:
But if there be any thing between us, then there is,
If there be not, then there is not. Be, or be not, all is
one.

Lanc. I do perceive by this, that there is something be-
tween you, and I am very sorry for it.

Flow. You may be deceiv'd, Sir *Lancelot*, the *Italian*
Hath a pretty saying, *Questo?* I have forgot it too,
'Tis out of my Head, but in my Translation (him.
It's hold thus, Thou hast a Friend keep him; if a Foe trip

Lanc. Come, I do see by this there is somewhat be-
tween you,

And before God I could wish it otherwise.

Flow. Well, what is between us, can hardly be alter'd:
Sir *Lancelot*, I am to ride forth To-morrow,
That way which I must ride, no Man must deny
Me the Sun, I would not by any particular Man
Be denied common and general Passage. If any one
Saith, *Flowerdale*, thou passest not this way;
My Answer is, I must either on or return:
But return is not my Word, I must on:
If I cannot then make my way, Nature
Hath done the last for me, and there's the Fine.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, every Man hath one Tongue,
And two Ears; Nature in her Building,

Is a most curious Work-master.

Flow. That is as much as to say, a Man should hear more
Than he should speak.

Flow. You say true, and indeed I have heard more,
Than at this time I will speak.

Lanc. You say well.

Lanc. Slanders are more common than Troths, Master
Flowerdale, but Proof is the Rule for both.

Flow. You say true, what do you call him
Hath it there in his third Canton?

Lanc. I have heard you have been wild: I have believ'd it.

Flow. 'Twas fit, 'twas necessary.

Lanc. But I have seen somewhat of late in you,
That hath confirm'd in me an Opinion of
Goodness toward you.

Flow. P'faith, Sir, I am sure I never did you Harm:
Some Good I have done, either to you or yours,
I am sure you know not, neither is it my Will you should.

Lanc. Ay, your Will, Sir.

Flow. Ay, my Will, Sir; 'sfoot do you know our Will?
Begod and you do, Sir, I am abus'd. [my Will]

Lanc. Go, Mr. *Flowerdale*, what I know, I know;
And know you thus much out of my Knowledge,
That I truly love you. For my Daughter,
She's yours. And if you like a Marriage better
Than a Brawl, all Quirks of Reputation set aside, go with
me presently: And where you should fight a bloody Battle,
you shall be married to a lovely Lady.

Flow. Nay but, Sir *Lancelot*?

Lanc. If you will not embrace my offer, yet assure
yourself thus much, I will have order to hinder your
Encounter.

Flow. Nay but hear me, Sir *Lancelot*.

Lanc. Nay, stand not you upon imputative Honour,
'Tis meerly unsound, unprofitable, and idle
Inferences; your Business is to wed my Daughter, there-
fore give me your present Word to do it; I'll go and pro-
vide the Maid, therefore give me your present Resolu-
tion, either now or never.

Flow. Will you so put me to it? [never]

Lanc. Ay, afore God, either take me now, or take me
Else what I thought should be our match, shall be our parting
So fare you well for ever.

Flow. Stay? fall out, what my Fall, my Love

The Merchant's Tragedy.

above all : I will come.

Lanc. I expect you, and so fare you well,

[*Exit Sir Lancelot.*]

Fath. Now, Sir, how shall we do for wedding Apparel?

Flow. By the Mass that's true ; now help *Kit*,
The Marriage ended, we'll make Amends for all.

Fath. Well, no more, prepare you for your Bride,
We will not want for Cloaths, whatsoe'er betide.

Flow. And thou shalt see, when once I have my Dower
In Mirth we'll spend full many a merry Hour :

As for this Wench, I not regard a Pin,
It's her Gold must bring my Pleasures in. [*Exit.*]

Fath. Is't possible, he hath his second living,
Forsaking God, himself to the Devil giving ;
But that I knew his Mother firm and chaste,
My Heart would say, my Head she had disgrac'd :
Else would I swear, he never was my Son,
But her fair Mind so foul a Deed did shun.

Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle.

Unc. How now, Brother, how do you find your Son?

Fath. O Brother, heedless as a Libertine,
Ev'n grown a Master in the School of Vice,
One that doth do nothing, but invent Deceit ;
For all the Day he humours up and down,
How he the next Day might deceive his Friend :
He thinks of nothing but the present time :
For one Groat ready down, he'll pay a Shilling ;
But then the Lender must needs stay for it.
When I was young, I had the scope of Youth,
Such wild and wanton, careless and desperate :
But such mad Strains as he's possess'd withal,
I thought it wonder for to dream upon.

Unc. I told you so, but you would not believe it.

Fath. Well I have found it, but one thing comforts me,
Brother, To-morrow he's to be married
To beautiful *Luce*, Sir *Lancelot Spurcock's* Daughter.

Unc. Is't possible?

Fath. 'Tis true, and thus I mean to curb him ;
This Day, Brother, I will you shall arrest him ;
If any thing will tame him, it must be that,
For he is sunk in Mischief, chain'd to a Life,
That will increase his Shame, and kill his Wife.

Unc. What, arrest him on his Wedding Day?
That's a monstrous, and an unhuman Part :

How many Couple ev'a for that very Day,
Have purchast seven Years Sorrow afterward?
Fulfill it then to Day, do it to Morrow,
And this Day mingle not his Joy with Sorrow.

Fath. Brother, I'll have it done this very Day,
And in the view of all, as he comes from Church,
Do but observe the Course that he will take,
Upon my Life he will forswear the Debt:
And for we'll have the Sum shall not be slight,
Say that he owes you near three thousand Pound:
Good Brother, let it be done immediately.

Unc. Well, seeing you will have it so,
Brother I'll do't, and straight provide the Sheriff.

Fath. So Brother, by this means shall we perceive
What Sir *Lancelot* in this pinch will do:
Add how his Wife doth stand affected to him,
Her Love will then be tried to the uttermost:
And all the rest of them. Brother, what I will do,
Shall harm him much, and much avail him too.

[*Exit*].

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Cham assur'd thick bethe Place, that the scoundrel
Appointed to meet me, if a come, so: If a come not, so.
And che war avise, he would make a Coyfrel an us,
Ched vese him, and che vang him in hand, che would
Hoyft him, and give it him too and again, so chud:
Who ha been these, Sir *Arthur*? Chaf stay aside.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Art. I have dog'd the *Devonshire* Man into the Field,
For fear of any harm that should befall him:
I had an incling of that Yesternight,
That *Flowerdale* and he should meet this Morning,
Tho' of my Soul, *Oliver* fears him not,
Yet for I'd see fair Play on either side,
Made me to come, to see their Valours try'd —
Good Morrow to Master *Oliver*.

Oli. God and good Morrow.

Art. What, Master *Oliver*, are you angry?

Oli. What an it be, tyt an given you?

Art. Not me at all, Sir, but I imagine,
By your being here thus Arm'd,
You stay for some that you should fight withal.

Oli. Why and he do, che would not dex're you to
take his part.

Art. No, by my Troth, I think y^e need it not.
For he you look for, I think means not to come.
Oli. Na, and she were assure of that, chad a wife him
in another Place.

Enter Daffidil.

Daff. Q. Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, ay me,
Your Love, and yours, and mine, sweet Mistress *Luce*,
This Morning is married to young *Flowerdale*.

Art. Married to *Flowerdale*? 'tis impossible.

Oli. Married, Man? Che hope thou dost but jest:
To make an a volowten merriment of it.

Daff. O 'tis too true, here comes his Uncle
Enter young Flowerdale's Uncle, with Sheriff and Officers.

Unc. Good morrow, Sir *Arthur*, good morrow, Master
Oliver.

Oli. God and good Morn, Mr. *Flowerdale*, I pray
tell us, is your scoundrel Kinsman married?

Art. Mr. *Oliver*, call him what you will, but he is
married to Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter here.

Unc. Sir *Arthur*, unto her?

Oli. Ay, ha the old vellow zerved me thick a trick?
Why Man, he was a promise, chil chud a had her:
Is a nitch a vox, chil look to his Water che vor him.

Unc. The Musick plays, they are coming from the Church,
Sheriff, do your Office: Fellows, stand stoutly to it.

Enter all to the Wedding.

Oli. God give you Joy, as the old said Proverb is, and
some Zorrow among. You met us well, did you not?

Lanc. Nay, be not angry, Sir, the fault is in me,
I have done all the wrong, kept him from coming to the
Field to you, as I might, Sir, for I am a Justice, and
sworn to keep the Peace.

Weath. Ay marry is he, Sir, a very Justice, and sworn
to keep the Peace, you must not disturb the Weddings.

Lanc. Nay, never frown nor storm, Sir, if you do,
I'll have an Order taken for you.

Oli. Well, well, chil be quiet.

Weath. Mr. *Flowerdale*, Sir *Lancelot*, look you, who
here is? Mr. *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. Mr. *Flowerdale*, welcome with all my Heart.

Flow. Uncle, this is the i'faith, Master Under-Sheriff,
Arrest me? At whose Suit? Draw, *Kit*.

Unc. At my Suit, Sir.

Lanc. Why, what's the matter, Mr. *Flowerdale*?

Unc.

The London Prodigal

Unc. This is the matter, Sir, this Unchrist has
Hath cozen'd you, and hath had of me
In several Sums three thousand Pound.

Flow. Why, Uncle, Uncle.

Unc. Cousin, Cousin, you have Uncled me,
And if you be not staid, you'll prove
A Cozener unto all that know you.

Lanc. Why, Sir, suppose he be to you in debt
Ten Thousand Pound, his State to me appears,
To be at least three thousand by the Year.

Unc. O, Sir, I was too late inform'd of that Plot,
How that she went about to cozen you:
And form'd a Will and sent it to your good
Friend there, Master *Weathercock*, in which was
Nothing true, but brags and lyes.

Lanc. Ha, hath he not such Lordships,
Lands, and Ships?

Unc. Not worth a Groat, not worth a Halfpenny ha.

Lanc. I pray tell us true, be plain, young *Flowerdale*.

Flow. My Unc'e here's mad,
And dispos'd to do me wrong.

But here's my Man an honest Fellow

By the Lord, and of good Credit, knows all is true.

Fath. Not I, Sir, I am too old to lye; I rather know
You forg'd a Will, where every Line you writ,
You studied where to quote your Lands might lie.

Weath. And I prithee where be thy honest Friends?

Fath. I saith no where, Sir, for he hath none at all.

Weath. Benedicity, we are o'er-reach'd, I believe.

Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefull Child undone.

Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone,

They slander me, by this Light, they slander me:

Look you my Uncle here's an Usurer, and would undo me,
But I'll stand in Law, do you but bail me, you shall do no
more:

You Brother *Civvit*, and Master *Weathercock*, do but

Bail me, and let me have my Marriage Money

Paid me, and we'll ride down,

And there your own Eyes shall see

How my poor Tenants there will welcome me.

You shall but Bail me, you shall do no more,

And you, greedy Gnat, there Bail will serve.

Unc. Ay, Sir, I'll ask no better Bail.

Lanc. No, Sir, you shall not take my Bail, nor his.

The London Prodigal

Mar my Son *Oliver*, I'll not be cheated, I.
Sheriff, take your Prisoner, I'll not deal with him;
Let's Uncle make false Dice with his false Bones,
I will not have to do with him: Mock'd, gull'd, and
wrong'd!

Come, Girl, tho' it be late, it falls out well,
Thou shalt not live with him in Beggar's Hell.

Luce. He is my Husband, and high Heav'n doth
know.

With what unwillingness I went to Church,
But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it:
The holy Churchman pronounc'd these Words but now,
I must not leave my Husband in Distress:
Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Lanc. Comfort a Cozener? On my Curse forsake him.

Luce. This Day you caus'd me on your Curse to take
him:

Do not, I pray, my griev'd Soul oppress?
God knows my Heart doth bleed at his Distress.

Lanc. O Master *Weathercock*,

I must confess I forc'd her to this Match,
Led with Opinion his false Will was true.

Weath. Ah, he hath over-reach'd me too.

Lanc. She might have liv'd like *Delia*, in a happy
Virgin's state.

Del. Father be patient, Sorrow comes too late,

Lanc. And on her Knees she beg'd and did intreat,
If she must needs taste a sad Marriage Life,
She crav'd to be Sir *Arthur Greenfield's* Wife.

Art. You have done her and me the greater wrong.

Lanc. O take her yet.

Art. Not I.

Lanc. Or, Master *Oliver*, accept my Child, and half
my Wealth is yours.

Ol. No, Sir, chil break no Law.

Luce. Never fear, she will not trouble you.

Del. Yet, Sister in this Passion do not run headlong to
Confusion. You may affect him, tho' not follow him.

Frank. Do, Sister, hang him, let him go.

Weath. Do faith, Mistress *Luce*, leave him.

Luce. You are three gross Fools, let me alone,
I swear, I'll live with him in all his moan.

Ol. But an he have his Legs at Liberty,
Cham avear'd he will never live with you.

Ans. Ay, but he is now in Hackfens handling for running away.

Lanc. Hufwife, you hate how you and I are wrong'd,
And if you will redress it yet you may:
But if you stand on terms to follow him,
Never come near my sight, nor look on me;
Call me not Father, look not for a Great,
For all the Portion I will this Day give
Unto thy Sister *Frances*.

Fran. How say you to that, *Tom*?
I shall have a good deal.
Besides, I'll be a good Wife: and a good Wife
Is a good thing I can tell.

Civ. Peace, *Frank*, I would be sorry to see thy Sister
cast away, as I am a Gentleman.

Lanc. What, are you yet resolv'd?

Luce. Yes, I am resolv'd.

Lanc. Come then away, or now, or never come.

Luce. This way I turn, go you unto your Feast,
And I to weep, that am with Grief oppress'd.

Lanc. For ever fly my sight: Come Gentlemen,
Let's in, I'll help you to far better Wives than her.

Delia, upon my Blessing talk not to her,
Base Baggage, in such haste to Beggary?

Unc. Sheriff, take your Prisoner to your Charge.

Flow. Uncle, be gad you have us'd me very hardly,
By my Troth, upon my Wedding Day.

[*Exeunt all but Luce, young Flowerdale, his
Father, Uncle, Sheriff and Officers.*]

Luce. O Master *Flowerdale*, but hear me speak,
Stay but a little while, good Master Sheriff,
If not for him, for my sake pity him:
Good Sir, stop not your Ears at my Complaint,
My Voice grows weak, for Womens words are faint.

Flow. Look you, she kneels to you.

Unc. Fair Maid, for you, I love you with my Heart,
And grieve sweet Soul, thy Fortune is so bad,
That thou should'st match with such a graceless Youth.
Go to thy Father, think not upon him,
Whom Hell hath mark'd to be the Son of Shame.

Luce. Impute his wildness, Sir, unto his Youth,
And think that now's the time he doth repent:
Alas, what good or gain can you receive,
To imprison him that nothing hath to Pay?

Luc. *My dear Master, I know his Pleasures all too well,*
And nothing in the World can do him good,
But Misery itself to chain him with.

Luc. Say that your Debts were paid, then is he free?
Unc. Ay, Virgin, that being answered, I have done.
But to him that is all as impossible,
As I to scale the high Pyramids.

Sheriff take your Prisoner; Maiden fare thee well.
Luc. O go not yet, good Master *Flowerdale*:
Take my Word for the Debt, my Word, my Bond.

Flow. Ay, by Gad Uncle, and my Bond too.
Luc. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;

And I can Work, alas, he can do nothing:
I have some Friends perhaps will pity me,

His chiefest Friends do seek his Misery.
All that I can, or beg, get or receive,

Shall be for you: O do not turn away:
Methinks within a Face so reverend,

So well experienced in this tottering World,
Should have some feeling of a Maiden's Grief:

For my sake, his Father's and your Brothers sake,
Ay, for your Soul's sake that doth hope for Joy,

Pity my state, do not two Souls destroy.
Unc. Fair Maid, stand up; not in regard of him,

But in pity of thy hapless Choice,
I do release him: Master Sheriff, I thank you:

And Officers, there is for you to drink.
Here, Maid, take this Money, there is a hundred Angels:

And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
Here, *Kester*, take it you, and use it sparingly,

But let not her have any want at all.
Dry your Eyes, Neice, do not too much lament

For him, whose Life hath been in Riot spent:
If well he useth thee, he gets him Friends,

If ill, a shameful end on him depends. [Exit *Unc.*

Flow. A plague go with you for an old Fornicator.
Come, *Kit*, the Money, come honest *Kit*.

Fath. Nay by my Faith, Sir, you shall pardon me.
Flow. And why, Sir, pardon you? Give me the Money

you old Rascal, or I will make you.
Luc. Pray hold your Hands, give it him honest Friend.

Fath. If you be so content, with all my Heart.
Flow.

Whether she will come, I know not.
Go, get you gone to the game, and you shall
bring the poor Devil, as I have said.

Fath. Sir, the best service I can do, is to
Friends, for you.

Flow. Hang thee, her Friends and Father altogether.

Fath. Yet part with something to provide for himself.

Flow. Yes, I mean to part with his money, but I'll part
with one Angel, hang me to a Post: I'll make a shift
them at a call of Dice, as I have done a shipload of
their Fellows.

Fath. Nay then I will be plain, degenerate Boy,
Thou hadst a Father, would have been a Father's.

Flow. My Father was an Ass, an old Ass.

Fath. Thy Father? Proud Impudent Villain:

What, are you at your Foil? I'll foil with you.

Luce. Good Sir, forbear him.

Fath. Did not this whining Woman hang on me,
I'd teach thee what it was to curse thy Father: no?
Go hang, beg, starve, die, game, that when all's gone,
Thou may'st after despair and hang thyself.

Luce. O do not Curse him.

Fath. I do not curse him, and to pray for him were vain,
It grieves me that he bears his Father's Name.

Flow. Well, you old Rascal, I shall meet with you,
Sirrah, get you gone, I will not slip the Liberty
Over your Ear, because you paid for it:
But do not use my Name, Sirrah,
Do you hear? Look you do not
Use my Name, you were best.

Fath. Pay me the twenty Pound then that I lent you,
Or give me Security when I may have it.

Flow. I'll pay thee not a Penny,
And for Security I'll give thee none.
Minckins, look you do not follow me, look you do not:
If you do, Beggar, I shall sit your Nose.

Luce. Alas, what shall I do?

Flow. Why turn Whore, that's a good Trade,
And so perhaps I'll see thee now and then.

Luce. Alas the day that ever I was born.

Fath. Sweet Mistress, do not weep, I'll stick to you.

Luce. Alas, my Friend, I know not what to do.

Luc. I thank you, Sir, they have despis'd me :
And I'm a wretched Maid, that can't away,
Kneeling where to go, nor what to say.
Luc. Reprove me at the Soul; to see her Tears
This stain the Crimson Rims of her Cheeks :
Lady, take comfort, do not mourn in vain,
I have a little Living in this Town,
The which I think, comes to a hundred Pound,
All that and more shall be at your dispose ;
I'll seek to help you to some strange Disguise,
And place you in a Service in this Town ;
Where you shall know all, yet yourself unknown :
Come, grieve no more, where no help can be had,
Weep not for him, that is more worse than bad.

Luc. I thank you, Sir. [Exit.

Enter Launciot, *Master* Weathercock *and the rest.*

Oli. Well, cha a bin served many a slutish Trick,
But such a Lennep as thick yeh was ne'er a farved.

Luc. Son Civet, Daughter Frances, bear with me,
You see how I am press'd down with inward Grief,
Alas that wicked Girl, your Sister *Luc.*

But 'tis fall'n out with me, as with many Families beside,
They are most unhappy that are most belov'd.

Civ. Father, 'tis so, 'tis even fall'n out so, [pass
But what Remedy? Set Hand to your Heart, and let it
Heir in your Daughter *Frances* and I, and we'll not say,
We'll bring forth such witty Children, but as pretty
Children as ever she was: tho' she had the prick
And praise for a pretty Wench: But Father, done is
The Mouse, you'll come?

Luc. Ay, Son Civet, I'll come.

Civ. And you *Master Oliver.*

Oli. Ay, for eke a vent our this veast, chill see if a gan
Make a better Veast there.

Civ. And you Sir *Arthur?*

As Ay, Sir, altho' my Heart be full,
I'll be a Partner at your Wedding Feast.

Civ. And welcome all indeed, and welcome; come
Frank, are you ready?

Frank. Jesue, how hasty these Husbands are; I pray
Father, pray to God to bless me.

Luc. God bless thee, and I do; God make thee wise,
Send you both Joy, I wish it with wet Eyes.

Frank. But Father, shall not my Sister *Delia* go along
with

The Tenth Muse
with us? She is excellent good at Counting and such
things.

Lanc. Yes marry shall she : *Delia*, make you ready.

Del. I am ready, Sir, I will first go to *Greenwich*.
From thence to my Cousin *Chesterfield*, and so to *London*.

Civ. It shall suffice, good Sister *Delia*, it shall suffice,
but fail us not, good Sister; give order to Cooks and o-
thers, for I would not have my sweet *Frand* to soil her
Fingers.

Frank. No by my troth not I, a Gentlewoman, and a
married Gentlewoman too, to be Companion to Cooks,
and Kitchen-boys, not I i'faith, I scorn that.

Civ. Why, I do not mean thou shalt, sweet *Heath*,
thou seest I do not go about it ; well, farewell too : You
Gods pity Mr. *Weathercock*, we shall have your Company
too ?

Weath. With all my Heart, for I love good Cheer.

Civ. Well, God be with you all, come, *Frank*.

Frank. God be with you, Father, God be with you,
Sir *Arthur*, Master *Oliver*, and Master *Weathercock*, Sister,
God be with you all : God be with you, Father, God be
with you every one.

Weath. Why, how now, Sir *Arthur*, all a mort, Master
Oliver, how now, Man ?

Cheerly, Sir *Lancelot*, and merrily say,
Who can hold that will away.

Lanc. Ay, she is gone indeed, poor Girl, undone,
But when these be self-will'd, Children must smart.

Art. But, Sir, that she is wronged, you are the chiefest
Cause, therefore 'tis reason you redress her wrong.

Weath. Indeed you must, Sir *Lancelot*, you must. ✓

Lanc. Must ? who can compel me, Mr. *Weathercock* ?
I hope I may do what I list.

Weath. I grant you may, you may do what you list.

Oli. Nay, but and you be well evisen, it were not good,
By this vrampolness, and vrowardness, to cast away
As pretty a dowdfabel, as am should chance to see
In a Summer's Day ; chill tell you what chall do,
Chill go spy up and down the Town, and see if I
Can hear any Tale or Tydings of her,
And take her away from thick a Messel, vor cham
Ashured, heel but bring her to the spoil,
And so var you well, we shall meet at your Son *Cress*'s.

Lanc. I thank you, Sir, I take it very kindly.

Art.

The London Prodigal.

Arch. To find her out, I'll spend my dearest Blood,
So well I lov'd her, to effect her Good. [*Exeunt Ambrosius*]

Lanc. O Master Weathercock,
What hap had I, to force my Daughter
From Master Oliver, and this good Knight,
To one that hath no Goodness in his Thought?

Weath. Ill luck, but what remedy?

Lanc. Yes, I have almost devised a Remedy.
Young Flowerdale is sure a Prisoner.

Weath. Sure? nothing more sure,

Lanc. And yet perhaps his Uncle hath releas'd him.

Weath. It may be very like, no doubt he hath.

Lanc. Well if he be in Prison, I'll have Warrants
To Tache my Daughter 'till the Law be tired,
For I will sue him upon Couzenage.

Weath. Marry may you, and overthrow him too.

Lanc. Nay that's not so; I may chance be scott,
And sentence pass with him.

Weath. Believe me, so he may, therefore take heed.

Lanc. Well howsoever, yet I will have warrants,
In Prison, or at Liberty, all's one;
You will help to serve them, Master Weathercock?

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Flowerdale.

Flow. A plague of the Devil, the Devil take the Dice;
The Dice, and the Devil, and his Dam go together.
Of all my hundred golden Angels,
I have not left me one Denier:
A Pox of come a Five, what shall I do?
I can borrow no more of my Credit:
There's not any of my acquaintance, Man nor Boy,
But I have borrowed more or less of:
I would I knew where to take a good Purse,
And go clear away, by this Light I'll venture for it.
Gods lid my Sister Delia,
I'll rob her, by this Hand.

Enter Delia and Artichoke.

Del. I prithe, Artichoke, go not so fast,
The Weather is hot, and I am something weary. [*You*]
Art. Nay I warrant you, Mistress Delia, I'll not tire
With-leading, we'll go on extream moderate pace.

Flow. Stand deliver your Purse.

Art. O Lord, Thieves, Thieves. [*Exit. Artichoke.*]

Flow. Come, come, your Purse, Lady your Purse.

Del.

The London Prodigal

Del. That Voice I have heard often before this time.
What, Brother *Flowerdale* becomes a Thief?

Flow. Ay, plagu'd on't, I thank your Father.
But Sister, come, your Money, come:

What the World must find me, I am born to live,

'Tis not a Sin to steal, when none will give.

Del. O God, is all Grace banish'd from thy Heart,
Think of the Shame that doth attend this Fact.

Flow. Shame me no Shames, come give me your Purse.
I'll bind you, Sister, lest I fare the worse.

Del. No, bind me not, hold, there is all I have,
And would that Money would redeem thy Shame.

Enter Oliver, Sir Arthur, and Artichoke.

Art. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves. [*Delia.*

Oli. Thieves, where Man? why how now, Mistress
Ha you a liked to been a robbed?

Del. No, Master *Oliver*, 'tis Master *Flowerdale*, he did
but jest with me.

Oli. How, *Flowerdale*, that Scoundrel? Sirrah, you
meten us well, vang thee that.

Fla. Well, Sir, I'll not meddle with you, because I
have a Charge.

Del. Here Brother *Flowerdale*, I'll lend you this same
Money.

Flow. I thank you, Sister.

Oli. I wad you were ysplit, and you let the Mezel
have a Penny; but since you cannot keep it, chil keep it
my self.

Art. 'Tis pity to relieve him in this sort,
Who makes a triumphant Life his daily sport.

Del. Brother, you see how all Men cen:ure you,
Farewel, and I pray God amend your Life.

Oli. Come, chil bring you along, and you safe enough
From twenty such Scoundrels as hick an one is.

Farewell and be hanged, zyrrah, as I think so thou
Wilt be shortly: come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt all but Flowerdale.*

Flow. A plague go with you for a Karke Rascal:
This *Devo:shire* Man I think is made all of Pork,
His Hands made only for to heave up Packs,
His Heart as fat and big as his Face,
As differing far from all brave gallant Minds,
As I to serve the Hogs, and drink with Hinds,
As I am very near now; well what remedy,

When

My London Progress!

*When Money, Maids, and Friends, do grow so small,
Then sorrow's life, and there's an end of all. [Exit
Enter young Flowerdale's Father, Luce like a Dutch Frow,
Civit and his Wife Frances.*

Civ. By my troth God a Mercy for this, good *Christopher* I thank thee for my Maid, like her very well, how dost thou like her, *Frances*?

Fran. In good Sadness, *Tom*, very well, excellent well, she speaks so prettily, I pray what's your Name?

Luce. My name, forsooth, be called *Tanikin*.

Fran. By my troth a fine Name: O *Tanikin*, you are excellent for dressing ones Head a new Fashion.

Luce. Me fall do every ting about da Head.

Civ. What Countrywoman is she, *Kester*?

Fath. A Dutch Woman, Sir.

Civ. Why then she is Outlandish, is she not?

Fath. Ay, Sir, she is.

Fran. O then thou canst tell how to help me to Cheeks and Ears?

Luce. Yes, Mistress, very well.

Fath. Cheeks and Ears why, Mistress *Frances*, want you Cheeks and Ears? methinks you have very fair ones.

Fran. Thou art a Fool indeed: *Tom*, thou knowest what I mean.

Civ. Ay, ay, *Kester*, 'tis such they wear a their Heads. I prithee, *Kit*, have her in, and shew her my House.

Fath. I will, Sir? come *Tanikin*.

Fran. O *Tom*, you have not buffed me to Day, *Tom*.

Civ. No *Frances*, we must not kiss afore Folks.

God save my *Franck*.

Enter Delia and Artichoke.

See yonder, my Sister *Delia* is come, welcome, good Sister.

Fran. Welcome, good Sister, how do you like the Tire of my Head?

Del. Very well Sister.

Civ. I am glad you're come, Sister *Delia*, to give order for Supper, they will be here soon.

Art. Ay, but if good luck had not serv'd, she had Noi been here now filching *Flowerdale* had like To perper'd us, but for Master *Oliver* we had been robb'd.

Del. Peace, Sirrah, no more.

Fath. Robb'd! by whom?

Art. Marry by none but by *Flowerdale*, he is turn'd Thef.

Civ.

The English Frolic

Civ. By my Faith, but that is not well, but God be
grain'd for your Escape, will you draw near, Sister?

Fath. Sirrah, come hither: would *Flowerdale* be that
was my Master, a robbed you, I prithee tell me true?

Art. Yes, i' Faith, even that *Flowerdale* that was thy
Master.

Fath. Hold thee, there is a French Crown, and speak
no more of this.

Art. Not I, not a Word, now do I smell Knavery:
In every Purse *Flowerdale* takes, he is half:
And gives me this to keep Counsel, not a Word I.

Fath. Why God a Mercy.

Fran. Sister, look here. I have a new Dutch Maid,
And she speaks so fine, it would do your Heart good:

Civ. How do you like her, Sister?

Del. I like your Maid well.

Civ. Well, dear Sister, will you draw near, and give
Directions for Supper, Guests will be here presently.

Del. Yes, Brother, lead the Way, I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt all but Delia and Luce,*
Hark you, Dutch Frow, a Word.

Luce. Vat is your Vill wit me?

Del. Sister *Luce*, 'tis not your broken Language,
Nor this same Habit can disguise your Face
From I that know you; pray tell me, what means this?

Luce. Sister, I see you know me, yet be secret:
'This borrow'd Shape that I have ta'n upon me,
Is but to keep my self a Space unknown
Both from my Father and my nearest Friends;
Untill I see how Time will bring to pass,
The desperate Course of Master *Flowerdale*.

Del. O he is worse than bad, I prithee leave him;
And let not once thy Heart to think on him.

Luce. Do not persuade me once to such a Thought,
Imagine yet, that he is worse than nought;
Yet one good Time may all that I undo,
That all his former Life did run into.
Therefore, kind Sister, do not disclose my Estate;
If e'er his Heart doth turn, 'tis ne'er to late.

Del. Well, seeing no Counsel can remove your Mind,
I'll not disclose you, that are wilful blind.

Luce. *Delia*, I thank you, I now must please her Eyes,
My Sister *Franca*, neither says nor wife, [*Exeunt*

The Miser's Progress,

Enter Flowerdale's Sister.

Flwr. On goes he that knows no end of his Journey,
I have paid the very utmost bounds of Shifting,
I have no Course now but to hang my self;
I have liv'd since yesterday two a Clock, of a
Spice cake I had at a Burial: And for Drink,
I got it at an Ale-house among Porters, such as
Will bear out a Man, if he have no Money indeed;
I mean out of their Companies, for they are Men
Of good Carriage. Who comes here?
The two Cony-catchers, that won all my Mony of me.
I'll try if they'll lend me any.

Enter Dick and Ralph.

What Mr. Richard, how do you?
How dost thou Ralph? By Gad, Gentlemen, the World
Grows bare with me, will you do as much as lend
Me an Angel between you both, you know you
Won a hundred of me the other Day.

Ralph. How, an Angel? Gad damn us if we lost not
every Penny within an Hour after thou wert gone.

Flwr. I prithee lend me so much as will pay for my Sup-
per; I'll pay you again, as I am a Gentleman. [per;

Ralph. I'Faith, we have not a farthing, not a mite;
I wonder at it, Mr. Flowerdale,

You will so carelessly undo your self;

Why you will lose more Money in an Hour,

Than any Honest Man spends in a Year;

For Shame betake you to some honest Trade,

And live not thus so like a Vagabond. [Exeunt.

Flwr. A Vagabond indeed, more Villains you;

They gave me Counsel that first cozen'd me;

Those Devils first brought me to this I am,

And being thus, the first that do me wrong.

Well, yet I have one Friend left in store.

Not far from hence there dwells a Cockatrice,

One that I first put in a Sattin Gown,

And not a Tooth that dwells within her Head,

But stands me at the least in twenty Pound:

Her will I visit now my Coyn is gone,

And as I take it here dwells the Gendewoman.

What ho, is Mistress Apricock within?

Enter Russian.

Rus. What saucy Rascal is that which knocks so bold?

O, is it you, old Spend-thrift? are you here?

One

The Debauched Prodigal.

One that is turn'd Convent-keeper in the Town:
My Mistress bids you, and sends this Word by me,
Either be packing quickly from the Door,
Or you shall have such a Greeting for your straight,
As you will little like on, you had best be gone. [Exit.]

Floro. Why so, this is as it should be, being poor,
Thus art thou serv'd by a vile painted Whore.
Well, since thy damned Crew do so abuse thee,
I'll try of honest Men, how they will use me.

Enter an ancient Citizen.

Sir, I beseech you to take Compassion of a Slave;
One whose Fortunes have been better than at this Instant
they seem to be: but if I might crave of you some little
Portion, as would bring me to my Friends, I would rest
thankful, until I had requited so great a Courtesy.

Cit. Fy, fy, young Man, this Course is very bad;
Too many such have we about this City;
Yet for I have not seen you in this sort,
Nor noted you to be a common Beggar.
Hold, there's an Angel to bear your Charges
Down, go to your Friends, do not on this depend,
Such Bad Beginnings oft have worser Ends. [Exit Cit.]

Floro. Worser ends: Nay, if it fall out
No worse than in old Angels I care not,
Nay, now I have had such a fortunate Beginning,
I'll not let a sixpenny Purse escape me:
By the Mass here comes another.

Enter a Citizen's Wife with a Torch before her.
God bless you, fair Mistress.
Now would it please you, Gentlewoman, to look into
the Wants of a poor Gentleman, a younger Brother, I
doubt not but God will treble restore it back again, one
that never before this time demanded Penny, Half-penny,
nor Farthing.

Cit. Wife. Stay, *Alexander* now by my Troth a very
proper Man, and 'tis great Pity; hold my Friend, there's
all the Money I have about me, a couple a Shillings, and
God bless thee.

Floro. Now God thank you, sweet Lady; if you have
any Friend, or Garden-house, where you may imploy a
poor Gentleman as your Friend, I am yours to command
in all secret Service.

Cit. Wife. I thank you good Friend, I prithee let me
see that again I gave thee, there is one of them a Shilling.
Shilling.

Shilling, give me them, and here is half a Crown in Gold.

[*He gives it her.*]

Now out upon thee, Rascal! Secret Service! What dost thou make of me? It were a good Deed to have thee whipt: Now I have my Money again, I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee a Penny. Secret Service? On, good *Alexander*.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Flow. This is villainous Luck, I perceive Dishonesty Will not thrive; here comes more, God forgive me, Sir *Arthur*, and Mr. *Oliver*, aforegod I'll speak to them. God save you Sir *Arthur*: God save you, Mr. *Oliver*.

Oli. Behn you there, Zirrah, come will you taken yourselves to your Tools, Coystrel?

Flow. Nay, Mr. *Oliver*, I'll not fight with you, Alas, Sir, you know it was not my doing, It was only a Plot to get Sir *Lancelot's* Daughter; By Gad I never meant you harm.

Oli. And where is the Gentlewoman thy Wife, Menzel? Where is she, Zirrah, ha?

Flow. By my troth Mr. *Oliver*, sick, very sick: And Gad is my Judge, I know not what means to make for her, good Gentlewoman.

Oli. Tell me true, is she sick; tell me true itch'vise thee.

Flow. Yes faith, I tell you true: Mr. *Oliver*, if you would do me the small kindness, but to lend me forty Shillings; So Gad help me, I will pay you so soon as my Ability shall make me able, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well thou saist thy Wife is zick; hold, there's forty Shillings, give it to thy Wife, look thou give it her, or I shall za veze thee, thou wert not so vezed this seven year, look to it.

Art. I'faith, Mr. *Oliver*, it is in vain To give to him that never thinks of her.

Oli. Well, would che could yvind it.

Flow. I tell you true, Sir *Arthur*, as I am a Gentleman.

Oli. Well, farewell Zirrah; come, Sir *Arthur*.

[*Exeunt Ambo.*]

Flow. By the Lords this is excellent. Five golden Angels compass'd in an Hour. If this Trade hold, I'll never seek a new. Welcome sweet Gold, and Beggary adieu.

Enter Uncle and Father.

Unc. See, *Kester*, if you can find the House.

Flow.

Flow. Who's here, my Uncle, and my Man *Kester*?
By the Mass 'tis they.
How do you Uncle, how dost thou, Kester?
By my Troth, Uncle, you must needs find
Me some Money, the poor Gentle-woman
My Wife, so God help me, is very sick.
I was robb'd of the hundred Angels
You gave me, they are gone.

Unc. Ay, they are gone indeed, come, *Kester*, away.

Flow. Nay, Uncle, do you hear, good Uncle?

Unc. Out Hypocrite, I will not hear thee speak,
Come, leave him, *Kester*.

Flow. *Kester*, honest *Kester*.

Fath. Sir, I have nought to say to you,
Open the Door to my Kin, thou had'st best
Lock't fast, for there's a false Knave without,

Flow. You are an old lying Rascal,
So you are.

[*Exit Amb.*]

Enter Luce.

Luce. Vat is the Matter, Vat be you, *Yonker*?

Flow. By this Light a *Dutch Frow*, they say they are
called kind, by this Light I'll try her.

Luce. Vat be you, *Yonker*, why do you not speak?

Flow. By my Troth, sweet Heart, a poor Gentleman
that would desire of you, if it stand with your liking,
the Bounty of your Purse,

Enter young Flowersdale's Father.

Luce. O here God, so young an *Armine*.

Flow. *Armine*, sweet Heart, I know not what you
mean by that, but I am almost a Beggar.

Luce. Are you not a married Man, were been your Wife?
Here is all I have, take dis.

Flow. What Gold, young *Frow*? this is brave.

Fath. If he have any Grace, he'll now repent.

Luce. Why speak you not, were be your Wife?

Flow. Dead, dead, she's dead, 'tis she hath undone me:
Spent me all I had, and kept Rascals under my Nose to
brave me.

Luce. Did you use her vell?

Flow. Use her, there's never a Gentlewoman in *Eng-*
land could be better used than I did her: I could but
Coach her; her Diet stood me in forty Pound a Month,
but she is dead, and in her Grave my Cares are buried.

Luce. Indeed dat vas not some.

Exit.

Fath. He is sure'st worst Devil than he was before.

Flow. Then dost belong to Master *Groat* here; dost thou not?

Luc. Yes, me do.

Flow. Why there's it, there's not a handful of Plate But belongs to me, God's my Judge:

If I had such a Wench as thou art,

There's never a Man in *England* would make more

Of her, than I would do, so she had any Stock.

[*They call within.*]

O why *Tanikin*.

Luc. Say, one doth call, I shall come by and by again.

Flow. By this Hand this *Dutch* Wench is in Love with me,

Were it not admirable to make her steal

All *Groat's* Plate, and run away.

Fath. 'Twere beastly. O Master *Flowerdale*,

Have you no Fear of God, nor Conscience?

What do you mean, by this vile Course you take?

Flow. What do I mean? Why, to live, that I mean.

Fath. To live in this Sort, lie upon the Course,

Your Life doth show, you are a very Coward.

Flow. A Coward! I pray in what?

Fath. Why you will borrow Six-pence of a Boy.

Flow. 'Snails, is there such a Cowardice in that? I dare borrow it of a Man, ay, and of the tallest Man in *England*, if he will lend it me: let me borrow it how I can, and let them come by it how they dare. And it is well known, I might ride out a hundred times if I would, so I might.

Fath. It was not want of Will, but Cowardice,

There is none that lends to you, but know they gain:

And what is that but only stealth in you?

Delia might hang ye now, did not her Heart

Take Pity of you for her Sister's Sake.

Go get you hence, lest lingering here you stay.

You fall into their Hand you look not for.

Flow. I'll tarry here, till the *Dutch* Frow comes,

If all the Devils in Hell were here. [Exit *Father*.

Enter *Sir Lancelot*, *Mr. Weathercock*, and *Artichoke*.

Lanc. Where is the Door? Are we not past it, *Artichoke*?

Art. By the Mass here's one.

I'll ask him: Do you hear, Sir?

What

The London Prodigal

What, are you so proud? Do you hear, with a shout,
To Mr. Civet's House? What, will you not speak?
O me, this is hatching *Flowerdale*.

Lanc. O wonderful! Is this low Villain here?
O your cheating Rogue, you Cut-purse, Cony-catcher,
What Ditch, you Villain, is my Daughter's Grave?
A cozening Rascal, that must make a Will,
Take on him that strict Habit, very that:
When he should turn to Angel, a dying Grace,
I'll Father in Law you, Sir, I'll make a Will:
Speak, Villain, where's my Daughter?
Poison'd, I warrant you, or knock'd a the Head:
And to abuse good Master *Weathercock*, with
His forg'd Will, and Master *Weathercock*,
To make my grounded Resolution;
Then to abuse the *Devonshire* Gentleman:
Go, away with him to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison? Sir, I will not go.
*Enter Master Civet, his Wife, Oliver, Sir Arthur, young
Flowerdale's Father, Uncle, and Delia.*

Lanc. O here's his Uncle:
Welcome Gentleman, welcome all:
Such a Cozener, Gentlemen, a Murderer too
For any Thing I know, my Daughter is missing.
Hath been look'd for, cannot be found, a Vild wretch.

Unc. He is my Kinsman, although his Life be vile,
Therefore, in God's Name, do with him what you will.

Lanc. Marry to Prison.

Flow. Wherefore to Prison, Snick-up? I owe you nothing.

Lanc. Bring forth my Daughter then, away with him.

Flow. Go seek your Daughter, what do lay to my Charge?

Lanc. Suspicion of Murder, go, away with him.

Flow. Murder your Dogs, I murder your Daughter!
Come Uncle, I know you'll bail me.

Unc. Not I, were there no more,
Than I the Jaylor, thou the Prisoner.

Lanc. Go, away with him.

Enter Luce like a Frow.

Luce. O my Life, where will you ha de Man?
Vat ha de Yonker done!

Wcatb. Woman, he hath kill'd his Wife, on would I

Luce.

The London Prodigal.

Lanc. His Wife, that is not good, that is not seen.

Lanc. Hang not upon him, Hufwife, if you do I'll lay you by him.

Lanc. Have me no, and or way do you leave him, He tell me that he love me heartily.

Fran. Lead away my Maid to Prison! Why *Tom*, will you suffer that?

Civ. No, by your Leave, Father, she is no Vagrant: She is my Wife's Chamber-maid, and as true as the Skin between any Man's Brows here.

Lanc. Go to, you're both Fools:
Son *Civets*, of my Life this is a Plot,
Some stragling Counterfeit proffer'd to you:
No doubt to rob you of our Plate and Jewels:
I'll have you led away to Prison, Trull.

Lanc. I am no Trull, neither Outlandish Frow,
Nor he, nor I shall to the Prison go:
Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
Father, I know I have offended you.
And though that Duty wills me bend my Knees
To you in Duty and Obedience;
Yet this ways do I turn, and to him yield
My Love, my Duty, and my Humbleness.

Lanc. Besard in Nature, kneel to such a Slave?

Lanc. O Master *Flowerdale*, if too much Grief
Have not stop't up the Organs of your Voice,
Then speak to her that is thy faithful Wife,
Or dash Contempt of me thus tie thy Tongue?
Turn not away, I am no *Ethiops*,
No wanton *Cressid*, nor a changing *Hellen*:
But rather one made wretched by thy Loss.
What turn'st thou still from me? O then
I guess thee wofull't among hapless Men.

Flew. I am indeed, Wife, Wonder among Wives!
Thy Chastity and Virtue hath infus'd
Another Soul in me, red with Defame,
For in my blushing Cheeks is seen my Shame.

Lanc. Out, Hypocrite, I charge thee trust him not.

Lanc. Not trust him? ——— By the Hopes of after
Bliss,

I know no Sorrow can be compar'd to his.

Lanc.

Lanc. Well, since thou wast certain'd to follow,
Follow thy Fortune, I desire thee.

Oliv. Ywood che were so well ydressed as was that
white Cloth in tocking Mill, an che ha not want any
Grace.

Weath. If he hath any Grace he'll now repent.

Arth. It moves my Heart.

Weath. By my Troth I must weep, I cannot chuse.

Unc. None but a Beast would such a Maid misuse.

Flor.v. Content thy self, I hope to win his Favour,
And to redeem my Reputation lost:

And, Gentlemen, believe me, I beseech you,
I hope your Eyes shall behold such Change,
As shall deceive your Expectation.

Oli. I would che were split now, but che believe him.

Lanc. How, believe him!

Weath. By the Markins, I do.

Lanc. What do you think that e'er he will have Grace?

Weath. By my Faith it will go hard.

Oli. Well, che vor ye he is chang'd; and, Mr. Flower-
dale, in Hope you been so, hold there's vorty Pound to-
ward your Zetting up; what be not ashamed, vang it
Man, vang it, be a good Husband, loven to your Wife:
And you shall not want for vorty more, I che vor thee.

Arth. My Means are little, but if you'll follow me,
I will instruct you in my ablest Power:
But to your Wife I give this Diamond,
And prove true Diamond fair in all your Life.

Flow. Thanks, good Sir *Arthur*: Mr. *Oliver*,
You being my Enemy, and grown so kind,
Binds me in all Endeavour to restore.

Oli. What, restore me? No Restorings, Man,
I have vorty Pound more here, vang it:
Zouth chil devie *London* else: What, do not think me
A Mezel or a Scoundrel, to throw away my Money? che
have an hundred Pound more to pace of any good Spa-
tation: I hope your Under and your Uncle will vellow
my Zampelas.

Unc. You have Guest-right of me, if he leave off this
Course of Life, he shall be mine Heir.

Lanc.

Look, Sir, how I have got a Grant of one:
A Countess, a Dukedom, one that kill'd his painful
Father, his own Grandfather,

That pass'd the fearful Danger of the Sea,
To get him Living, and maintain him brave.

Weath. What, hath he kill'd his Father?

Lanc. Ay, Sir, with Conceit of his vile Courses.

Fath. Sir, you are misinform'd.

Lanc. Why, thou o'd Knave, thou told'st me so thy self.

Fath. I wrong'd him then:

And toward my Master's Stock,
There's twenty Nobles for to make Amends.

Flow. No, *Kester*, I have troubled thee, and wrong'd
thee more,

What thou in Love gives, I in Love restore.

Fran. Ha, ha Sister, there you plaid Bo-peep with us:

Tom. What shall I give her toward Household?

Sister *Delia*, shall I give her my Fan?

Del. You were best ask your Husband.

Fran. Shall I, *Tom*?

Civ. Ay, do, *Frank*, I'll buy thee a new one, with a
longer Handle.

Fran. A ruffet one, *Tom*.

Civ. Ay with ruffet Feathers.

Fran. Here, Sister, there's my Fan toward Household,
to keep you warm.

Luce. I thank you Sister.

Weath. Why this is well, and toward fair *Luce's* Stock,
here's forty Shillings: And forty good Shillings more,
I'll give her Marry. Come Sir *Lancelot*, I must have
you Friends.

Lanc. Not I, all this is Counterfeit,
He will consume it, were it a Million.

Fath. Sir, what is your Daughter's Dower worth?

Lanc. Had she been married to an honest Man,
It had been better than a thousand Pound.

Fath. Pay it him, and I'll give you my Bond.
To make her Joynture better worth than three.

Lanc. Your Bond, Sir! Why, what are you?

Fath. One whose Word in *London*, tho' I say it,
Will pass there for as much as yours.

Lanc. Wert not thou late that Unthrif's Serving man?

Fath. Look on me better, now my Scar is off:
Ne'er muse Man, at this Metamorphosy.

Lanc.

Lanc. Master Flowerdale!

Flow. My Father! O I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear Father, the Pollin that are past.

Fath. Son, Son, I do, and joy in this thy Change,
And applaud thy Fortune in this virtuous Maid,
Whom Heav'n hath sent to thee to save thy Soul.

Luce. This addeth Joy to Joy, high Heav'n be prais'd.

Weath. Mr. Flowerdale, welcome from Death, good
Mr. Flowerdale.

'Twas said so here, 'twas said so here good Faith.

Fath. I caus'd that Rumour to be spread my self,
Because I'd see the Humours of my Son,
Which to relate the Circumstance is needless:
And Sirrah, see you run no more into that same Disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that Malady,
Of Riot, Swearing, Drunkenness, and Bride,
And falls again into the like Distress,
That Fever is deadly, doth 'till Death endure.
Such Men die mad, as of a Calenture.

Flow. Heav'n helping me, I'll hate the Course as
Hell.

Unc. Say it, and do it, Cousin, all is well.

Lanc. Well being in Hope you'll prove an honest
Man,

I take you to my Favour. Brother Flowerdale,
Welcome with all my Heart: I see your Care
Hath brought these Acts to this Conclusion,
And I am glad of it, come let's in and feast.

Oliv. Nay zoft you a While, you promis'd to make
Sir Arthur and me Amends; here is your wisest
Daughter, see which An's she'll have.

Lanc. A God's Name, you have my good Will, get
hers.

Oliv. How say you then, Damsel.

Del. I, Sir, am yours.

Oliv. Why, then send for a Vicar, and chil have it
Dispatched in a Trice, so chil.

Del. Pardon me, Sir, I mean I am yours,
In Love, in Duty, and Affection.
But not to love as Wife, shall ne'er be said,
Delia was buried, married, but a Maid.

Arth. Do not condemn your self for ever,
Virtuous Fair, you were born to love.

...by you my son, Sir John, the way here
is well as his Mother: but I pray you show us
some Reason why you will not marry?

Old. Not that I do condemn a married Life,
For 'tis no Doubt a fashionous Thing:
But for the Care and Crosse of a Wife,
The Trouble in this World that Children bring,
My Vow's in Heav'n in Earth to live alone,
Husbands, howsoever good, I will have none.

Old. Why then, chil live a Batchelor too,
Che zet not a Vig by a Wife, if a Wife zet not a Vig
By me: Come, shall's go to Dinner?

Fath. To-morrow I crave your Companies in Mark-
Lane:

To-night we'll frolick in Mr. Civer's House,
And to each Health drink down a full Carouse.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

